

# Gypsy Kyss, What's Mine

I don't need no publisher  
I don't need no record label  
I don't need no business man  
My songs aren't for sale  
Hey you standing there  
And you climbing up my stairs  
And yes you taking my share  
Damn you and your average stupid ways  
I don't need no double time  
I don't need no rhythm nd rhyme  
I don't need no attitudes  
I don't need no stinking rules  
Hey you, why are you standing there  
Take your shoes off when you climb my stairs  
And listen up, you up there  
Damn you and your average stupid ways  
Your ways always do me over  
Where's mine?  
I want what's mine!  
I say what's mine is what I want.  
I don't need this puddy town  
I don't need this worthless crowd  
I don't need no platform to stand on  
I don't need absent abandon  
Hey you standing there  
And you climbing up my stairs  
And yes you taking my share  
Damn you and your average stupid ways  
Your ways always do me over  
Everybody's got a trick up their sleeve  
Pretending friends make out like thieves  
Hey you! Standing there  
And you climbing up my stairs  
All I'll ever need is me  
I stay alive with my bloody selfish bleed  
My blood is always running over